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Spaniel of clouds and billows, only free
 From people, of whose ways there is no telling.
 With those who love what there is no compelling
 Of love to part with, sweet my life might be,
 And the lone woods to Nature's Lord for me
 Might psalm the thanks, that my mute heart were
 swelling.
 Now well hath said the Lady Laura's bard,
 Most candid here, "Love made me love God less,
 Neglect my soul, and give to disregard
 All judgment for a lady's gentillesse."
 Now Nature's fairest work hath Nature marred,
 Proving her self-created fickleness.

THE COOL OF THE MORNING.

Low as I loved in childhood well,
 The lips of waves that fling
 On tawny sands the pearly shell,
 Are murmuring.

From bay so marbled that one light
 Curl on it hardly shows:
 The boundaries with the sphere unite
 In mist that glows.

The gathering ardors of the noon,
 The storm, that we may scare;
 The solemn pageant of the moon,
 Are folded there.

And children play, and counterfeit
 The golden shows of life,
 Nor guess how parching passion's heat,
 How wild is strife;

How weary and how vain their day
 To mortals may be given—
 How sweet, and grand, and far away,
 The looks of Heaven.

SONNET.

So native to thy beauty was my thought,
 That still ere I repictured it, there stole
 A thirst of vague desire upon my soul,
 As odors are from unseen roses caught.
 Then, as the stars, in night's pale fillet wrought,
 Gleam undividedly, the powerful whole
 Of charms, that held me in thy dear control,
 Came o'er me, feeling all and measuring naught.
 My mind, which harbored thee, was grown so proud,
 My tongue, as feeble than my thought, so tame,
 My hope was by my daring wish so cowed,
 My hand so feeble for my fancy's aim,
 That in the world I walked with forehead bowed,
 And parted I appeared from life's whole game.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.*

From perfidious eyes of thine,
 Laura, when love wounded me,
 I had thy right hand in mine,
 Smile to smile was beaming free.
 One, two, three, four;
 Tell of it once, and tell no more!
 Who can youth or love restore?

Weary did our souls appear,
 Laura, the next time we met,
 With suspicion and with fear;
 For left hand in left we set.
 One, two, &c.

Then was our suspicion laid,
 And our fear was far away,
 And with all four hands we made
 Salutation frank and gay.
 One, two, &c.

* Those who are acquainted with the dance of this name will understand the poem—those who are not, may be informed that the particular movements of the dance are accurately noted and moralized on in the poem.

Heart of woman is—compliant;
 Single faith begets annoy;
 Heart of man is self-reliant,
 Unconceding, spurning joy.
 One, two, &c.
 Still with courtsey and with bow
 Meet we, moderate ones! but O
 To be hardened, I and thou,
 And perform the dos-à-dos.
 One, two, &c.

SONNET.

Methinks I could love sorrow for thy sake,
 Didst thou but live, to pain me through thy will;
 But, since the pulses of thy heart are still,
 There is no hope that sorrow's force can break,
 Or that from level of the grave can take
 My thoughts again. Bright memories, which the skill
 Of love preserved as charms against all ill,
 Grow dark, and destitute their places make.
 And dost thou slumber, when I walk and weep?
 Is mourning dying, and is death repose?
 Then grant me, lest I die, one hush of sleep
 Before thy dwelling, where the violet blows
 In the false early spring, that I may keep
 At heart, a foretaste of my sorrows' close.

Reviews.

CRAWFORD'S HEBE AND GANYMEDE.— H. K. BROWN'S INDIAN AND PANTHER.

THERE is no law of Art clearer, and few more important, than that which declares that no artist can realize successfully those themes with which he has no national or personal sympathy. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit*—no Greek being given in the artist's composition, no Greek can come in his Art. While the fundamental principles of Art are the same in all times and in all nations, the form of their embodiment must change with each modification in the circumstances of the artist. And to the impossibility of his throwing himself into the situation of men of whose habits of life, modes of thinking, and religious feeling, he can form only the vaguest kind of ideas, there is added the great truth lost sight of almost universally, that if this impossibility were a possibility to him, it were a worthless achievement so far as the influence of his Art on his race is concerned—since, in order to have a work which is achieved under such circumstances, appreciated, the beholder must himself enter the same state with the artist. Greek Art is, and must be for ever, caviar to the multitude, since its *essential principles*, though common to all Art, can only be appreciated by the thoroughly learned, the artist, and the true connoisseur; and its *form* can, under no circumstances, evoke sympathy from a modern man. It is to all intents and purposes a sealed book to the world, only valuable as a study for the higher class of artists, or those who are capable of grasping its essential qualities and reproducing them in such forms as they love.

Before going further, let us understand this Greek Art as far as it is possible for us in these times to do it, which is, after all, we apprehend, only superficially, save in the sense in which Shakspeare understood Roman life when he wrote Julius Cæsar, knowing it, after all, to be human life—and, therefore, the same as his own. And here we wish it to be remembered, that we

speaking with caution and deference, feeling that we may be mistaken from want of sufficient study of Greek statues, and acknowledging that, equal powers of thought and analysis being given, a sculptor would have more knowledge of the principles we are going to speak of, than we, who know very little of them, in a practised sense. Yet these things seem to us evident. The Greek was a philosopher, and his sculpture is an attempt to embody the abstract qualities of mind as his feeling disclosed them in himself. Each distinct form which he produced was the expression of a distinct condition of human existence. Jupiter, Minerva, Mars, Venus were only imaginative forms for attributes which, developed to their height, became, indeed, god-like. The myths, again, were fragments of a system of mystic tradition, to us utterly unintelligible, not crude fancies as we regard them, but absolute psychical truths of the broadest, grandest character.

This is valuable for us to know, that we may understand by what the Greek was animated, and that we may comprehend clearly that he worked from an ideal which he recognized as existing in his spiritual nature, and which became a matter of intuition rather than science, and was recognized by him as a part of the truths of his religion, or, in other words, his spiritual relations; and he himself was great as an artist according to the distinctness of his intuitive perception. We cannot make a greater mistake, therefore, than to regard Greek Art as simply seeking the highest expression of a general human physical perfection, and as resulting in any individual ideal form which shall be more perfect than any or all others. Every truth or attribute demanded a distinct form, *distinct in every particular from every other*, and possessing a proper ideal, to realize which living models could only be of use suggestively, and of which *no* part, probably, could be of use, unless modified to meet the artist's preconceived image. The theory, so commonly received, that ideal beauty is reached by selection and combination of perfect parts of imperfect individuals, could only result in combining into one figure many perfect members which have yet no unity; whereas, by the laws of Greek Art, there are as many distinct ideals as there are conceivable combinations of human attributes—and no one of these would copy any other in the slightest respect, for, as in these combinations each component affects the existence of all the others, so each change in any relation of parts in the embodied ideal, would be conveyed to every other part restoring the equilibrium.

Greek sculpture, then, stands distinguished by two points—its mythic (or religious) motive, and its ideal unity. The former it is impossible now to simulate, since no man can by any idiosyncrasy believe in the Greek religion, or make it felt any other-wise than as a system of idle fancies; and, though by intellectual study he might discover its significances, he could by no means reverence them to such a degree as to make them religious to him. We may, consequently, regard the adoption of the forms of Greek Art, as evidence of want of motive on the part of the artist—a desire to produce without reference to the moral or intellectual worth of the thing produced

—a condition under which by no degree of power, can anything really great be called into existence. The idle copying of the Greek works, with whatever modification of form, is nonsense, unworthy of serious contemplation or criticism.

The latter characteristic, that of ideal unity, is essential to all good sculpture, equally now as then; and it is this which constitutes the true spirit of Greek Art, in the technical point of view. The same law governs the ideal still, that for each conceivable form of human combination, there is a distinct perfect expression which it is the peculiar province of sculpture to develop, and failing in which, no statue is entitled to be placed in the first rank of that form of Art.

It seems just, then, that the sculptor in modern times should make those works of antiquity which remain, his especial study—and according to his devotion to their form or their spirit, will be the good or evil derived from them. The two groups, whose titles stand at the head of this article, illustrate both the use and the abuse of the antique. The Hebe and Ganyমেদে can hardly be supposed to represent Crawford justly—it seems rather an idle freak carelessly wrought out, than the deliberate production of an artist of established position and recognized genius. In it the grand old Greek myth has become a simple story, dignified only by associations of antiquity. Regarding the characters as matter-of-fact personages, he has represented them in the performance of a matter-of-fact drama of real life, wherein Hebe resigns to Ganyমেদে the instruments of her office; and so they become to us just what Hebe and Ganyমেদে are to the ignorant readers of mythology—fabulous personages; rather than as the Greek saw them, as spiritual truths. With them in the former light, we have not so much interest as we should have with Moll Pitcher assuming the office of cannoneer. What are they to us? Thus, in the very outset, all interest in the theme is sacrificed to a spectral dignity of artistic association. It is impossible for any artist to realize much from such a theme, so regarded—whatever real genius he may have—and so this whole group impresses us as the result of a momentary conceit, worked out by an uninterested application of the artist's powers. The story itself is feebly told—the figures are conceived without spirit, and modelled without evidence of real enjoyment of beauty, and without any perception of individual ideals. It could scarcely be otherwise if the artist had any real poetic feeling, or were anything greater than a mechanical imitator of forms. The very genius that leads us to the highest success in a production which calls out our full feeling, will leave us stranded when we attempt that which we do not love, for it will not be made to work like a mere laborer.

There is a singular instance, in the Hebe, of error arising from a prescriptive rule of grace in composition; the outline of the figure, as seen from the front, assumes on one side a form of curve, in itself graceful, and evidently labored out to produce an effect, but the preservation of which, necessitates perfect anatomical falsehood. There is a graceful sweep from the shoulder to the thigh, but it cuts away all beauty with the truth. Much of this feeling is shown in

other parts of the group, and we will venture, with little hesitation, to say, that Crawford himself neither enjoyed the production of it, nor valued it greatly when completed. There is some admirable finish in it, but what does polish amount to if given to pebbles? and, when the basis of a work of Art is wrong, it grows worse as its parts are more perfect.

Brown's Indian illustrates the application of the spirit of the Greek art to common forms. The figure is that of a young Indian, in the act of striking a panther, which crouches at his feet. Here is unity resulting from the elaboration into form of a central idea; the development of the figure from its inmost planes, so that you feel through all the muscle markings the just position of the bones beneath. The energy and force of fully and normally developed humanity thrown into action, receive embodiment in it. With such an idea to work out, Brown went among the Indian tribes, and drew, and modelled, and studied in action, the forms of the only people, perhaps, who at this present day show the perfect state of the physique which the Greek athlete possessed, and from his studies drew the knowledge embodied in this statue. He has placed the youth in an attitude of withdrawal, and with the right arm raised to strike. The action is instantaneous, and calls the whole muscular system into activity. The strongly planted right foot, from which he draws back, resting his weight on the elastic left leg, the left hand, partially clenched, drawn up to the inflated chest, all unite to make the immediate action most powerful and effective. The unity of the figure in this respect is admirable, and most subtly studied; for the action is instantaneous, and must be caught from nature, but carried out with consummate anatomical knowledge. It gives most forcibly the idea of a sudden action, into which the whole muscular energy of the man is thrown.

But in all this, there is yet none of the characteristic trait of Greek sculpture. This intensity and unity of action exists only in the Fighting Gladiator, and not at all in the Venus or Apollo, and the Indian might have expressed them with much less art than it possesses. It shows its rarest qualities in the intensity, subtlety, and singleness of feeling with which the ideal of healthy activity has been worked out through the details. Follow the modelling as closely as you will, you can scarcely perceive its delicacy; the divisions, the insertions of the muscles, are so subtly rendered, that there is not an inch of truth which does not contain anatomical truth. And we feel the just development, so that every muscle, and every mass of muscles, holds that relation to the whole which the balance of power requires, and no part obtrudes itself at the expense of the whole. This is not a matter of science, but of intuition—not a matter which can be demonstrated, but felt only, and scarcely defined even by those who feel it; but it is the greatest merit of which sculpture is capable in an artistic point of view, and that in which, while the Greek artist, with his subtle intuitions, so perfectly developed by study of noble living forms, succeeded to a degree we cannot now appreciate, modern artists, with their substitution of knowledge for feeling, science for intuition,

fail most commonly and widely. The head of the Indian is in a just keeping with the body, the lips parted, and the brow knit under the angry impulse which impels the blow, heighten the impression of action in the whole.

Such a statue as this can never be popular, because it demands both knowledge and feeling, not given to the majority at any time; but it must win its way to higher esteem with each year of its existence. We go to pay reverence to Kiss' Amazon, whose coarse energy and power all can appreciate, but here among us has grown up a work of subtler artistic merit, which would seem to want foreign acknowledgment to give us faith in ourselves and our art.

STAR PAPERS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It must needs be, it seems to us, that every man whose religious nature is rightly developed, should feel the influences of nature more keenly because of such development, and shall even find a pleasure in them which the professional student of Nature does not. We have listened with delight to the passages of Beecher's sermons, which were illustrated by studies from nature, and have recognized in them a breadth of mind and delicacy of thought derivable only from loving and close contact with the sun-lit and song-filled outer world—a widening of the range of sympathies, and a strengthening of the bands of relation between the material and the spiritual most uncommon in modern literature, and which distinguishes him among cotemporary divines. Seeing nature as she should be seen, as the visible form resulting from the operation of the Divine laws, and as having its highest use in its effect on the human soul, he has found life flitting like summer clouds, and the spirit to wither and die like the rootless herb.

To a mind so constituted, a landscape incites more than perception, and its image sinks deeper than the retina—sunlight is more than heat, and the brook murmurs something about eternal harmonies which is not heard by duller ears. There is a force and value in the impressions of beauty to such a one, a moral which leads him to insist that others shall look with him to the east, and listen to the song which he hears at the sunrise, and so he points his sermons with the beauties which pierced his own soul most deeply. This is, perhaps, the truest and noblest way of enjoying nature. An artist studies her more deeply, but the necessity to reproduce clogs his flow of feeling—technical considerations cumber it, and there is something in the thought of reporting her for the newspapers, as it were, which restrains the joyousness and freedom of her communications. We doubt if any artist feels so impressively the spirit of her teachings as he would if free to go into the temple, and catch the inspiration without attention to the forms. It was in this way that the Greeks felt her, and in this way the true imaginative artist should, if it were not that there is demanded a compromise, between his enjoyment and his calling to tell the world what he sees.

This difficulty does not lie in the way of our author, and so, perhaps, his images derive from his freedom, a power of sympathy